VOL. LIV.-NO. 209.

THE RAHWAY MYSTERY.

CLUES WHICH MUST VERY SOON LEAD TO AN IDENTIFICATION. Name on the Murdered Girl's Handker chief was Noors or Noory—A Mysterious Man Under Detention who says he Knowe who she Was—He, However, will Not Tell—A Woman and a Girl from New York Also Say They Recognize the Body.

A beautiful woman in the bloom of life was met on a highway just out of the heart of Rahway on Friday night and murdered in a manner so horrible that the details could not be printed without shocking the sensibilities of the reader. The tracks of murderer and victim were left plain in the mud, which froze after the crime. The bloody knife was found near was her hand bag, containing a dozen articles which must be recognizable to many of her friends. Yet not until last evening, after two days had elapsed, was any of the mystery of

her dreadful fate removed.

Yesterday the police gave to the reporters
neveral facts which they had gathered from
an inspection of the articles kept under lock
and key in the police station, and which they
had previously withheld. In the old-fashioned
glased leather bag which was found in Bobinson's branch of the Hahway River was a
woman's handkerchief, in which was woven in
blue silk the name K. M. Noorz, or K. M. Noory,
It is difficult to tell whether the last letter is a
sor a y, but the police are inclined to think it z or a y, but the police are inclined to think it is a z, because the murdered girl is supposed from her features to have been a German. The handkerchief is of good linen, and is fancifully dotted. A rubber pencil stamp, with "Tim-othy Byrne" in rubber lotters, was another article found in the bag. On the bottom of the bag
was an almost obliterated label of the New York and New Jersey Baggage Express, 146 Greene street and 66 Cortlandt street. The letters were so much effaced that a magnifying glass had to be used to bring them out. There was also on the bottom of the bag a foreign label. More of this than of the other was erased, but one word looked like Hamburg. Water had soaked through the valise, and partly washed off from one side the pasted abel of the maker, but it was made out to be Crouch & Fitzgerald, 556 Broadway, A brown one button with a solid eye, picked up near the body, was the last piece of evidence that the police had secured. These are the only

the body, was the last plece of evidence that the police had secured. These are the only clues the police had to start on, and after they had run through them without getting any light on the mystery they turned to the reporters, and asked for cooperation, saying that no further obstacles would be put in the way of the attempt by the newspapers to make an investigation of the crime.

Some persons doubt that the murder was done as early as 9% P. M., and support their idea that it was done at a later hour by asserting that the ground did not freeze earlier than midnight. Lewis De Camp of Milton, the settlement nearest to the scene of the murder, says he passed the spot where the body was found at about 9% o'clock and all was quiet there. De Camp was home at 10% P. M. He lives about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the crime. His neighbor, Constable Harris, however, says he heard cries about 9% o'clock, and that immediately the Milton dogs began barking, and because the dogs barked, the constable says, he thought no more about the screams. The colored women, Miss Hattle Crummel and her sister, Mrs. Moore, who heard cries, live near Harris's house. Milton goes to sleep by 10 o'clock, and even before that hour a person might pass through the settlement without being noticed. The country about is a good place for a murder mystery. J. H. Brunt, who keeps a little brick candy and lemonade store in Milton, was among the first who heard the news of the crime. He was on his way to where the body lay, and when walking ever Jefferson awonue bridge he noticed a black object in the water. It lay about 200 feet from the bridge in an eddy of shallow water, where the hody lay, and when walking ever Jefferson awonue bridge he noticed a black object in the water. It lay about 200 feet from the bridge in an eddy of shallow water, where the body lay and when walking ever Jefferson awonue bridge he noticed a black object in the water. It lay about 200 feet from the bridge in painted red, but the drops came off by touching a wot might be. While the Morgue was closed to the public, some merely to satisfy their curiosity resorted to the subterfuge of saying that they believed they could identify the body. A Mr. Chadwick of Clark township said that the published description of the girl answered very closely that of a former servant in his family. He did not, however, see any resemblance in the cornes.

the corpee.

"If the body is identified," said Undertaker Byno, "I think it will be through the clothing. Not one woman of the many you would pass on the street in two weeks would war a dress trimmed as this one was with green feathers. Whather the basket that held the broken eggs belonged to the girl or her murderer, it ought to be readily recognized. It was a little willow-alsted, round-topped basket, and had been in the hands of some one who was careful when the strands were broken on the lid to have it nicely repaired."

Fifteen year-old Willie Brunt, a nophew of

posinged to the girl of the margete, it obgradily recognized. It was a little willowslatted, round-topped basket, and had been in
the hands of some one who was careful when
the strands were broken on the lid to have it
micely repaired."

Piffeen-year-old Willie Brunt, a nophew of
James H. Brunt who found the girl's bag, came
to the Morgue early in the day, and gave the
police work that occupied them all the morning. He said he was positive that the body
was that of a signification in a part a cloimize
clothes on Property had been the girl next
door wan in a bradt. The murdored girl's
halr was braided at the back of her
head. When the reporter got to Milton,
he learned that the opinion that the murdered
girl was the one who had been seen hanging
clothes in a yard was shared by James H.
Brunt. Brunt pointed out the house where the
girl had been seen on Friday. It was directly
opposite his store, but Brunt would not tell
names. He said the family who lived there had
come there six months ago, and that there was
boarding with thom a man whose wife had
gone away. This man was a farm hand a little
way back in the country. This man had been
acting suspiciously since the orime, and had
gone away with the rest of his relatives, and
Brunt did not believe that he would come back.
Milton was very much stirred up by the report that the murderer was near at hand.
Willie Brunt, who identified the body as
flat of the girl he saw hanging clothes, was
found in a cabin-like house not far from Jefferson avenue bridge. On Friday morning, he
said, there came to Clinton Froat's house, next
door, on the corner of Jefferson avenue and
ash Swamp road, a girl, who carried some
baggage. Be remembered that two weeks before the girl had come to the Froats' house
in a similar way, and, after staying a few
days, had gone away again. On her first visit
she was secompanied by an older woman han
berself, but on Friday morning, he came alone.
She had not been at the house bird with a club,
as if he was looking for somebody to his
these

of Ireland. Reach satisfied the police that suspicion against himself was groundless. He fold the reporter that he stood outside his house with a dub to try to whale boys who were throwing stones at his windows. This, he said, was on Thursday night, he got only two hours sleep on Thursday night, in consequence of which he went to bed at 8% o'clock on Friday night when the murder was committed.

he said, was on Thursday 18th in constant two hours sleep on Thursday 18th in constant two hours sleep on Thursday 18th in constant two hours sleep on Thursday 18th in constant the clothing that when the murder was committed.

The reporters were allowed geterday to examine the clothing of the dead sir! Some of the clothing that was peaked in the valles was on the body was at as good quality as the reporters were allowed to the clothing that was not the body was at as good quality as the reporters were lossed on the statements of the police on Saturday. The underclothing was somewhat patched, and one stocking was worn at the heel. Detective fleron says his collion has been from the first that the children has been from the first that the children has been from the first that the children has been from the city. It is not unlikely, he thinks, that she was going to an address she had in her possession, and, losing her way, in quired the direction of a man whom she mely oblance. This man, the detective says, may have been her murderer, and his motive could have been her murderer, and his motive could have been the murderer, and not the survivery or outrage. The murderer, and not the survivery of cags. If the girl came to the care to the hasket of eggs, if the girl came on the care to lahway, she brought the prosence of the basket of egg is still harder or explain. It is not at all likely that, if the girl came on the care to lahway, she brought the grave when the care the property and the care the property of the care the property of the care the care the property of the care the care the care

company with a girl about 17, went to the undertaker's shop to view the body. The girl was the first to show any sign of recognition. She said:

"The woman, who acted in a very mysterious way, said:

"It looks like her. I might be able to recognize some of the clothing if I could be permitted to see it."

The two women were escorted to the police station, where the effects of the dead girl are held for identification. There the woman said she identified the sack that was so badly torn. When questioned by the police as to who the murdered girl is she refused to tell, saying that "it was no one's business." Officer Congar, who was in charge, said it might lead to the arrest of the man if she would divulge the poor girl's name, but she would not. She left the police station for the depot at 7½ o'clock. A reporter had an interview with the woman at the Rahway depot, but she declined to give any information.

It was learned last evaning that the woman and girl live at 330 East Thirty-seventh street, in this city.

The Rahway City Council met last night to consider what reward to offer. A reward will be offered by Tuesday without fail.

Six different photographs of the body and of articles found on the body will be engraved and sent everywhere.

A gentleman who went to Rahway in the 10:30 P. M. train from Jersey City on Friday evening noticed among the passengers who stopped at Rahway a woman whose description corresponds with that of the murdered woman. She carried a small satchel, and appeared to be familiar with the surroundings of the depot, She went beyond the park near the depot and crossed the track, going in the direction of the the spot where the body was found. The gentleman saw the body yesterday, and he is sure it is that of the woman he noticed, although the identification would destroy the theory that the woman was murdered before or near 9

A ROW OVER DR. MCGLYNN'S PICTURE. The Women Find It Gone from the Confessional and a Scutte Fellows.

As worshippers in St. Stephen's Church entered the doors at the masses yesterday morning, boys distributed among them dodgers for the Academy of Music. The sidewalk in front of the church was white with them. They were headed, "The Cross of a New Crusade," and set forth that private ownership in land is injustice, if ecclesiastical laws sanction it.

There was a lively time at the church for an

Glynn left the parish his friends have kept his box with fresh flowers on each side of his portrait, which they had also hung upon the front

box with fresh flowers on each side of his portrait, which they had also hung upon the front of the box. It is against the rules of the Catholic Church to allow the portrait of any living person, even that of the Pope, to hang in a church, but for the sake of peace Dr. McGlynn's picture had been undisturbed. On Saturday it became imperative that it should be removed, so that the church could be draped in mourning for Passion week. The church was draped on Saturday night, and the portrait and flowers were taken from Dr. McGlynn's confessional.

It has been the custom for Dr. McGlynn's adherents to gather before his confessional box as before a shrine after each service. At 1 o'clock yesterday, after the high mass, several hundred of Dr. McGlynn's friends, mostly women, gathered in the western part of the church basement, before the confessionals, and demanded an explanation of the removal of the picture was in the sacristy behind the altar. More flowers were at hand, and they found the picture, but when they attempted to put them up they were prevented by Mr. Pardee, one of the collectors. Many Halligan, the famous leader of the women, tackled Mr. Pardee, one of the collectors. Many Halligan, the famous leader of the women, tackled Mr. Pardee, the was caught by the whiskers and pulled around at such a lively gait that he writing was soon as he could. Word was sent to Capt. Hyan that there was trouble in the church, and he came down with two policemen. Mrs. Hackett, widow of the late Recorder, implored the women in the church to behave themselves, and with such good effect that when Capt. Byan of Dr. McGlynn's friends say that it was their intention to drape the confessional box yesterday and so cover both the flowers and the pleture during the holy season.

FORGOT TWO WEEKS OF HIS LIFE.

Frank Austin Roy, the dentist, who disappeared from his home at 163 West Pifty-third street on St. Patrick's day, and who turned upat the Young Mon's Christian Association building in Richmond, Va., on Priday morning last, arrived here yesterday in the care of his wife and of his brother, James B. Roy. He left the city yesterday afternoon with his wife to take a much needed rest in the country.

Dr. Kov says he has no recollection of what happened to him during his wanderings. He remembers going to the door of his house with Rr. Crocker, the patient who last called upon him, and he has a dim recollection of the house with Rr. Crocker, the patient who last called upon him, and he has a dim recollection of the house with Rr. Crocker, the patient who has he had been been blank in his memory from heas going out. Everything is a blank in his memory from the hound himself sick and weak in the Richmond streets.

Mr. James Roy said last night that his brother was very weak when he found him, and was avidently suffering from nervous prostration. He also had chills and fever. He was however, perfectly sane.

New Styles Spring Overceats, in immense variety from \$8 to \$15, at Yogel Brothers', Broadway and Houston st., and 8th avenue, cor. 43d st.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1887.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT HOME AGAIR. English Politics Interested Rim Most, on Next to them Camo Fox Hunting.

Mert to them Came Fox Heating.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt got home from his wedding tour yesterday on the Etruria, and brought his handsome young wife with him. She was Miss Edith Carow, the daughter of an old New York family of Huguenot descent that had always been firm friends of the Roosevelts. European travel has physically benefited the young politician. He has a rich glow of health in his face, and is stouter than he was when he was running his own canvass for Mayor against was running his own canvass for Mayor against Mr. Hewitt. He doesn't seem to mind the fact that Mr. Hewitt got there instead of himself, and he said that the first thing he is going to

that Mr. Hewitt got there instead of himself, and he said that the first thing he is going to do this morning is to go right down to the City Hall, shake hands with Mr. Hewitt, and congratulate him upon being Mayor.

"I have had a splendid time abroad during my four months' stay," he said, as he dropped into a rocking chair in his study. "I liked the trip wonderfully well, but, after all, the best thing of all is getting home again. I sm a good enough American to feel that. I know I always feel a better American when I get home from trips of this kind.

"What interested me most in England," Mr. Roceevolt continued. "was the politics. I met almost all the leaders of every party, and they were all most courteous to me. What I am struck by is that English politicians are now divided, not into parties, but into groups—were all most courteous to me. What I am struck by is that English politicians are now divided, not into parties, but into groups—all and the Parnellites, in favor of Home Rule, and there is what seems to me an incongrava all and a fatthews stripe, the Hartington Whigs, and the Chamberlain English. This antihome rule mass contains those who differ widely on every other subject excepting the home rule question. It is a combination that, to my mind, must inevitably in the end split up. Of course my stay in London was too short for me to think of giving a forceast of English political affairs, but as an American outsider it seems to me that the inevitable outcome, however it may be delayed, must be the granting of home rule to Ireland.

"Next to the politics in England I liked the fox hunting. It is glorious sport and great fur. I hunted with the Essex, Warwickshire, and Pitohley hunts, and enjoyed it immensely.

"On the Continent every one is watching for the crash that may at any moment come.

armanents."
Mr. Roosevelt says that he is pleased at the progress of the high license fight. He thinks that the Republicans will pass the Crosby bill in the Senate.

"This question interests me," he said, "because I was the originator of the high license agitation in the Legislature."
Mr. Roosevelt said that he was going to divide his time between literature and ranching.

They were put on the train at 5:37 yesterday afternoon and sent to New York. This left the neighborhood free of them so far as known, but villagers who know the beach say that some may yet be found in the woods on Fire Island beach. The unfortunates were obliged to walk seven miles from the wreck to the place of embarcation, and some may have wandered off and sunk down exhausted. Many threw away bundles of clothing and valies to get rid of the weight, and thrifty people from the shore followed to-day along the inner beach, where the immigrants had walked, and picked up such of the goods as seamed to be valuable. The immigrants had one Long Islander for a guide and another was sont behind them to see that all reached their destination. But as the processing where been lost and not missed. The bay men say that the man who marched behind was provided with a whip with which to flog those who through stupidity, weariness, or weakness tried to sit down before reaching their destination. It is said he used the whip freely, too.

In addition to the forty-seven passengers and

PHILADELPHIA, March 27.—The statement of the business of the Philadelphia and Reading Railread Company for the month of Yebruary, 1887, shows gross receipts, \$1,518,250, and expenses excluding rentals and interest, \$702,863; profit, \$123,862. For the Philadelphia and Reading Uosi and Iron Company the gross receipts were \$1,118,020, and expenses, excluding interest, \$1,12,470, leading to the profit of \$2,544. The statement of both companies for February, as compared with the same month last year, shows an increase in gross earnings of \$654,113; an increase in appenses of \$23,541; an increase and a statement of the services of \$25,051; and for the three months and increase in expenses of \$23,551; and for the three months an increase in expenses of \$100,500, and an increase in expenses of \$100,500, and an increase in

WILLIAM R. TRAVERS DEAD.

BENAINS ARRIVE ON THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT THE NEWS.

To Proced Away on Saturday of Week Re-fore Last, Surrounded by Members of his Family-Arrangements for the Funeral, The Bermuda line steamship Orinoco, Capt. Garvin, arrived yesterday at the foot of Capt. Garvin, arrived yesterday at the foot of West Tenth street, having on board the body of William Biggin Travers. This was unexpected and sad news to Mr. Travers's many friends in this gity. A report had been spread last week, in the clubs of which Mr. Travers was a member, that he was slightly better, and that he was to return to New York yesterday and make his home temporarily at the Murray Hill Hotel. He vacated his house at 3 West Thirty-eighth street last November when the



conviction grew on him that he must make a struggle for life. To those who were most in-timate with Mr. Travers, however, it was

entered the class of 1836, of which Gen. William T. Sherman was a member. Gen. Sherman, in recalling his old classmate, says:

"He was a bright, studious, manly young fellow, standing well up in his class, and would certainly have graduated with distinction. But an unfortunate impediment in his speech, which he struggied heroically but vainly to overcome, convinced him that he would never be suited for military life; and as he was too honorable to enjoy the nation's bounty of a liberal education, for which he could not render the implied roturn, he resigned after two years' trial."

But though he could not consistently with his own convictions complete the course at West Point, he had nevertheless determined on a full course of study; and on his return to this city he entered Columbia College and graduated in 1838. His father gave hims farm near Perth Amboy. At that time the silkworm craze was at its height, and young Travers covered his farm with mulberry trees and proposed making a fortune out of cocoons. One or two years of that experiment satisfied him, and he quit it a loser.

His next movement was to Baltimore, where he formed a partnership with Wilmot Johnson, under the firm name of Johnson attechment. The firm did not prosper, and after a desperate struggie of a few years its career terminated in a disastrous failure in 1838, leaving Travers, then but a young man, saddy involved in debt. Nor was his father then able to render him further assistance. He was thrown entirely upon his own resources.

During his short residence in Baltimore Mr. Travers had formed an acquaintance with Miss Louisa Johnson, daughter of the eminent lawyer and statesman, Reverdy Johnson, and undaunted by his business failure, pressed his suit for her hand. It was a case of mutual affection, and Mr. Johnson consented to the match. Mr. Travers book his bride to Paterson at first. In time he formed a partnership with Edward H, Miller and entered Wall street as a broker. He became a member of the Baltimore enterprise, satisfying not

The state of the control of the cont

THE NEW SCOTCH CUTTER. Pacts About the Yacht Thietie, New Build-ing to Race with Our Bents.

Bosrow, March 27 .- The Scotch cutter Thistle, now building in Scotland from plans by Mr. George L. Watson, will be about 90 feet on the water line. She will be 4 9-10 feet longer than the Galatea and 5 3-10 feet wider on the beam. The Genesta is 9 feet shorter and is 5 feet narrower. Longer than the Galatea, with more beam and with considerable more sail area, she will, no doubt, have great driving power, and this is just what Mr. Watmore sall area, she will, no doubt, have great driving power, and this is just what Mr. Watson has always advocated—that the hull must be made to correspond with the driving power which is to be put upon it. From these measurements it appears that the Thistle is a cutter built especially for moderate weather, though with her width of beam and depth she will prove a great cutter in all kinds of weather, and with the enormous sail apread that she will carry will prove fast in light winds. Bhe is so powerful that she will be able to carry her salls in the strongest winds, and will stand up like a church steeple. She will have 3% feet less beam than the Mayflower, and 41-10 feet more draught. Comparing her with the Puritan, she will be 10 feet longer on the water line and about three feet less beam, with five feet more draught. She will be able to carry as great a sail area as the Puritan, and over a forty-mile course will have to allow her by a rough estimate seven minutes of time.

If the measurements given are the actual ones, the Thistie is the longest racing cutter yet built and will prove a formidable antagonist to the American sloops, now that the longest of them, the Mayflower, is going abroad. The correspondent at Glasyow who furnishes these figures also says that the cutter is of steel, with smooth plating above the water line, and "in and out" plating below. The official measurements, with the formal challenge, were forwarded to the New York Yacht Club a few days ago, and will soon be in their hands.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S PRIGHTFUL LEAP

the Jumped from a Train, Bragging her Mother with her, but Escaped Uninjured. PROVIDENCE, March 27.—In the parlor car Pequot, on the Shore line train from New York which was due in this city at 3:55 P. M. to-day were Mrs. L. Kendall, 72 years of age: Miss Jeseie Thurston, her daughter, both of Port-land, Me., and Walter C. Porter, 30 years old, Mrs. Kendall's grandson. They were on their

WON BY THE CORONET

She Crosses the Victory Line

WELCOMED BY A FINE FLEET.

at Steam Car Speed.

Many Days of Racing Through Cyclones and Tremendous Seas.

The Journey Made in 14 Days 19 Hours 56 Minutes-Almost at a Standstill for Two Days-The Record Unbeaten Except on the Last Day-Buffeted Like a Chip is a Mill Bace-The Coronet Will Challenge the Dauntless to Race Back-A Report that the Dauntiess has Arrived Disabled. Doyright, 1987, by Tax Sun Printing and Publishing

QUEENSTOWN, March 27 .- All through this quiet little town and for miles into the green country around it the news has been spreading that a great race across the ocean was to be ended here, and a great deal of fame and money gained by the ablest sailors in the fast-est yacht. The telegraph office has been the centre of the place, and the correspondents of the New York papers, down from London in force, have marvelled to learn the richness of the Irish tongue as regards the pronouncing of Coronet and Dauntless. For a week rumors of all sorts have kept every one anxious, and this morning reliable news finally came that the Coronot had been seen flying along off the coast, and that the end of the fine struggle was coming. The enthusiasm immediately dis-played was creditable to the people of Queenstown and flattering to American yachtsmen. Every one who had an American flag spread it out, and the population promptly formed it-self into a thick, black, excited ribbon along the shore. In the meanwhile a swarm of small boats were desperately pulling over the choppy water, and black clouds of smoke marked the progress of a race between the launch of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, the steam tug that was getting there in the interest of THE SUN'S readers, and about all the other boats going by steam of which Queenstown can boast. The first glimpse of the yacht showed that she had crossed the ocean bravely and had known how to meet all the hard treatment that Neptune had prepared. The wind was good and stiff. Under all plain sails, the flying jib and main-topmast staysail, with the Stars and Stripes flapping with the New York Yacht Club and her own flags, she came flying along a model of grace and beauty. The white gulls wheeled and dived in the sunlight about her. It was a picture to warm every sailor's heart.

CROSSING THE VICTORY LINE. The line that she must cross to complete her victory stretched across a narrow neck of wa-ter between Roche's Point and Weaver Point, through which the waters of the ocean tumble into the harbor. As she came flying to her journey's end, sharp gusts coming across from Boche's Point caused the beautiful spread of sails, and flying jib. A few minutes afterward she crossed the line, herafded by the booming of her cannon, and the clouds of white smoke that shot out from her deck announced that

the journey was done.

It was just a few seconds before 12:50 o'clock. The real time taken to run the race was 14 days 19 hours 56 minutes and 3 seconds. The apparent time, due to the sun's tendency to deceive those who accompany him utes 3 seconds. In that time the yacht had ploughed through 2.879 knots, or 3,328 statute miles, of salt water, a very large proportion of the salt water having presented itself in the shape of large mountains, with valleys to match between them.

The members of the Cork Yacht Club who had gone down to meet the Coronet had enter tained a settled conviction, and the newspaper men had cherished a slight hope, that they would be taken on board at the point and shaken by the hand. No such thing happened. The yacht, which at a distance seemed to be gliding along gently, was discovered on nearer acquaintance to be rushing through the water at a steam car rate of speed, and it kept right on in its journey toward Queenstown after the imaginary finishing line had been crossed. The Queenstown fleet of steamships struggled that they were not so swift as they had thought and took a lesson in humility. They caught up when the journey up the harbor compelled the yacht to tack, and then the end of the

yacht's journey became a triumph.

A BOYAL WELCOME.
Flags were dipped all about. Everybody in the swarm of boats cheered, never minding the salt spray which blew down his throat. The crowds on shore cheered with an energy that was frantic, and kept it up long after the last white sail had been pulled down and the Coronet had anchored at her journey's end, before the Cork Yacht Club houses. Members of the club swarmed aboard. Two boat loads of officers arrived from the English guard ship Revenge, attired in their most gorgeous finery. Congratulations were poured out, invitations to dinner were accepted, and little by little the story of the trip came out. It was told in pieces, and the pieces flew all through the town

as they came out.
One fact filled with proud joy every heart on board. It was that not a single thing on board had been torn or broken or injured with a solitary exception. The exception was the melancholy breaking of thirty-two pieces of crockery, which wrung the heart of Edward

Mr. Bush's fine china. TOSSED ON TREMENDOUS WAYES.

The feature of the voyage, and that which seemed to have vastly impressed everybody, was the terrible storminess of the trip. Every hardened mariner on board admitted that the mountains of water which he had met before were trifling molehills compared to the moun-tains which the Coronet had had to climb over or cut through. The voyage had been a lonely one and a dismal one, as trips are when no one is in sight and there is a chance of finishing them in a better world. Three miles outside of Sandy Hook Lightship the Dauntless was left hull down, and the voyage was begun in

earnest. The loneliness of the little boat on a big ocean began to be felt.

A northwest breeze, a clear sky, and the sighting of a west-bound steamer were the features of the first day's sailing. Dulness marked the first five days, in which 1.102.09 miles were covered. When men take their lives in their hands so bravely it is painful to relate their little weaknesses, but on this oc-casion it is necessary, in order that the public may know why the first days of the voyage were dull. A small yacht is the plaything of the water. The Coronet jumped, and danced, and plunged, and rolled agonizingly, and all of the mariners not connected with the crew were easick. It was no disgrace to them, for even Mr. Whittier, the mate, was sick, too, and shared the general misery. On Thursday there came an interruption to the dulness and an aggravation of the dreadful seasickness. The

Coronet met the equinoctial gales, and experi-Continued on Third Page.